

KNIGHTHOOD.

[Suggested by this honor having been conferred on Canada's distinguished litterateur, JAMES M. LEMOINE.]

I.

THE knights of old, as we are told,
With sword and lance and dazzling shield,
Rode forth to seek the battlefield,
Accounting glory more than gold.

II.

Thus, breathing fight, in armor dight,
Each met the foeman hand to hand,
And ready with his flashing brand,
He slashed and swore with all his might.

III.

Again, more wise, in princely guise,
He sallies forth to right old wrong,
Defend the weak against the strong,
His couch the earth, his roof the skies.

IV.

Anon they meet, in gallant heat,
At tilt and tournament, where Love,
Concealed within a lady's glove,
Adds splendor to each thrilling feat.

V.

Proclaimed the prize, abroad he flies,
And while incessant plaudits ring
He fans fair cheeks with viewless wing,
And takes his fee in smiles and sighs.

VI.

Long-vanished, long, that courtly throng,
The knights of Arthur's table round,
Their neighing steeds that pawed the ground,
Long hushed the bard's triumphal song.

VII.

Romantic age, though bard and sage
Have planted roses on thy tomb
That till the end of time shall bloom,
Thy record is a crimson page.

VIII.

From this to-day we turn away
And greet with pride the nobler knights
Who stand on Learning's tranquil heights
Shaping the great world's destiny.

IX.

Of sterling coin, most fit to join
This circle of the chosen few,
Magnanimous of soul and true,
Is Canada's revered Lemoine.

X.

His laurel crown provokes no frown,
No politician's guile has won
Distinction for her honored son,
No crooked path has soiled his gown.

XI.

Her woodland bowers, her birds and flowers
Are grateful to the wizard's hand
That heightens with its magic wand
Their beauties in the vernal hours.

XII.

By lake and stream he loves to dream,
And quaint Quebec's historic muse—
Who guards the heights—will never lose
Remembrance of his choicest theme.*

XIII.

Unsullied knight, though change and blight
May mar the scenes that give thee joy,
No rust of time can e'er destroy
Thy genius or obscure its light.

GEORGE MARTIN.

Montreal, March, 1897.

* History of Quebec, Past and Present.